



STONEFACE

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STONEFACE

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STONEFACE was
edited, layed out,
and thought up by
Sara Smith. I wrote
and drew some stuff
too.



X+TRA THANKS TO
ALL CONTRIBUTORS,
BEN AND MATT,
ALEJANDRO, HAIL AND
RHYME PEOPLE, ALICE
AND C.D, MOD 18, ESME,
JEN, AND MOM+DAD.

IN ASSOCIATION W/ LOVE BUNNI PRESS -
"If it's Lovebunni, it's got to be good!"

STONEFACE

So here goes... this thing is actually done. I have this friend, see, who's been putting out zines just about since he could walk and it's time for me to follow in his footsteps. Well not exactly, but the more I saw what he was doing and the more publications he showed me, the more I felt the need to produce something not only creative, but that could also be put out for others to see and share. Creating artwork on my own is valuable too, but I think it's important to encourage communication in this world where ~~and~~ neither creativity or individuality is valued very much, and where people are not encouraged to show and share what they do + think unless they can properly "justify" themselves + their talents, probably the more stuff that gets put out, the better. Especially

from someone like me who ordinarily doesn't have enough courage to ask the salesperson in K-MART where to find the Shodaces.

Anyway, this is the first issue of STONEFACE and I'm really glad. The name comes partly from a private joke, but also relates to how I feel about people who have so much to share, but don't let anyone see it. Most of us walk around w/ these masks on all the time. Contained in these pages are various things that are important to me - artwork, poetry, women's issues, books and people. It's pretty eclectic, not much of a theme or order, but I'm a little overwhelmed and a lot disorganized, so please try to bear with me. It's easy to feel isolated and out of touch on a college campus sometimes, so

any comments or suggestions or contributions you might have, would be very appreciated. Also, I may do another one of these someday and it would be helpful to know what you thought. Hope you enjoy this issue. Thank You. - Sara

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

There is WORK WITHIN THESE PAGES

BY

Seth Keel

Kelly Overton

Howard Smith

Jennifer Smith

Jason Read

Joshua Saul Beckman

Colette Katsikas

Jen Derosby

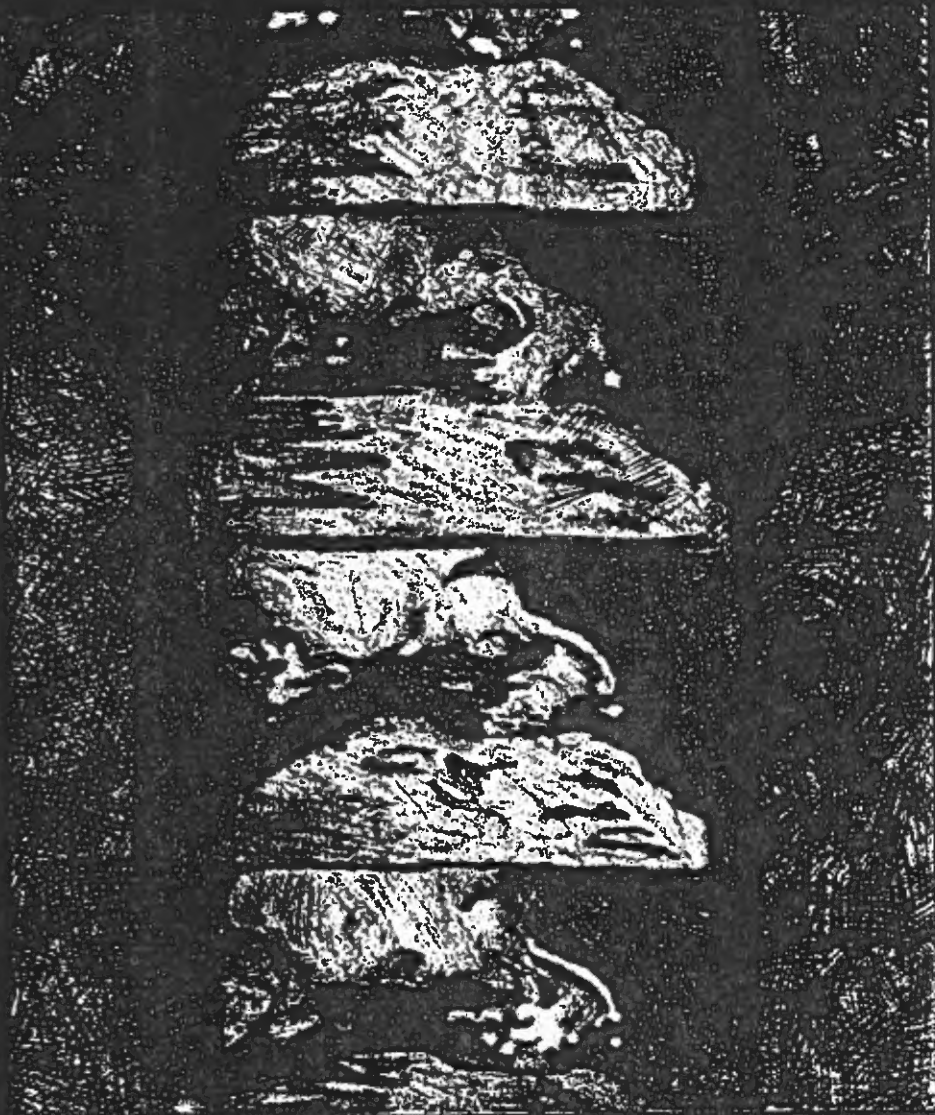
Alejandro de Aosta

AND Becky Hart

All other Pages (except for a few plagiarized bits)

by ME

BACK COVER DRAWING BY
THOMAS ROBINSON FOR
A 1922 Edition of ALICE IN WONDERLAND



• Seth Koen •

blue

am i blue? am i blue?
i'll tell you, alice
i am sitting on this porch
thinking about that horse for whom
you shook down apples from a tree
the apples red and red and red
am i blue?

the horse i know you said was white
(of course it was a white horse)
but in my mind
she's always blue
light, like ether,
more like the sound of that word
from my mouth and always blue

from this porch
i've considered the connection

i've wandered into fields, across fences
and walked for miles
along the criss-crossed wooden barriers until
i found a hinge, a latch
opened up the gate and called to her:

*are you blue? i've seen it in your
brown glass eyes you big old horse
not quite a beast yet
though perhaps some part of you
is turning*

*are you blue? then hear my call and
follow the fence to this opening*

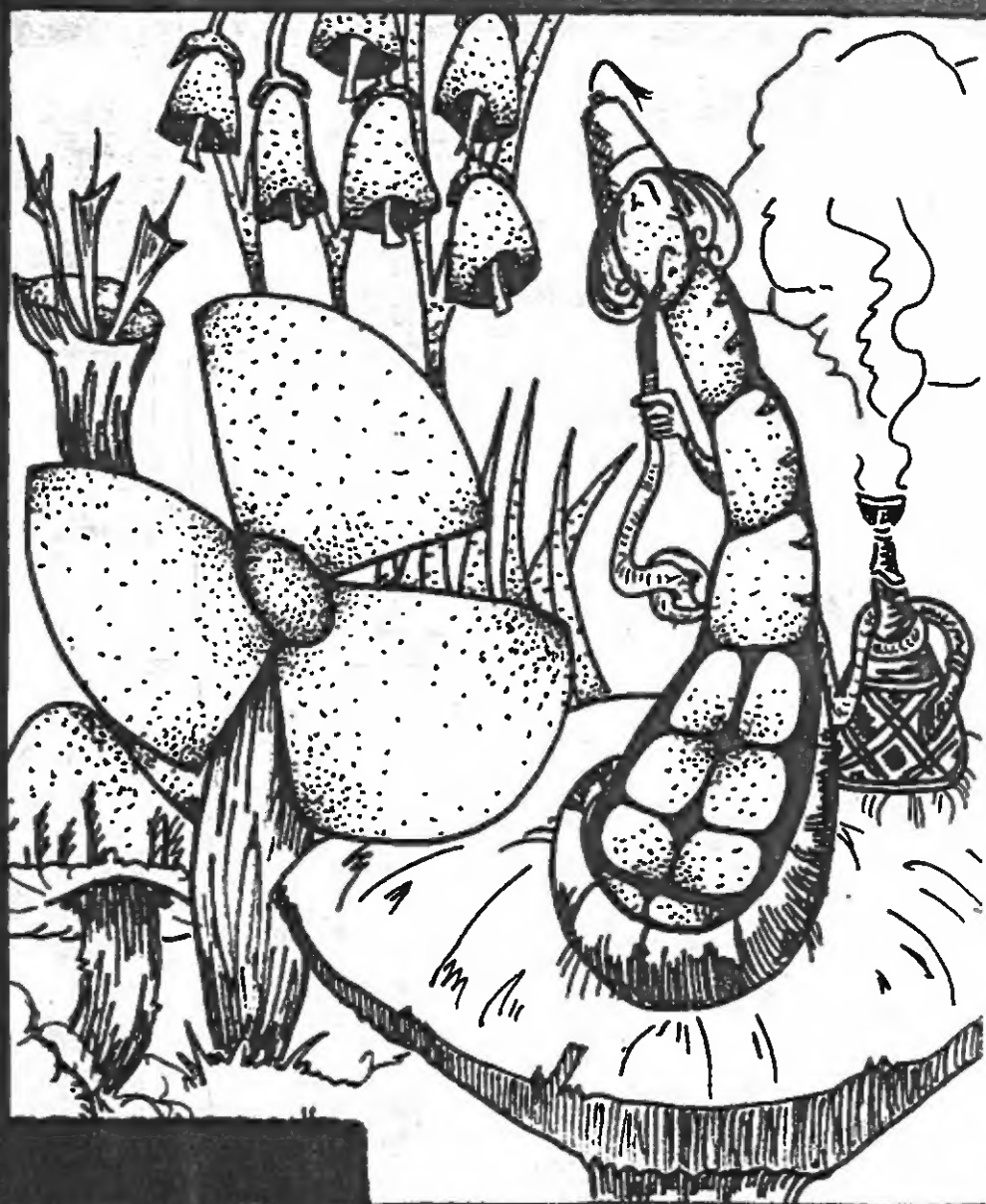
are you blue? am i blue? aren't we all
until there's someone who notices
and willingly crosses fences,
shakes down apples from a tree,
and says "they're all for you, for us, for you"
now come and set your own self free

i'm sitting on this porch
this house, my history behind me
thinking i should paint it something big
maybe blue to blend in with the sky or brown
the color of a horse's eye

then i could turn and in that deep reflection
see myself
step closer only if i'm the one
with knowledge of an opening somewhere
the eyes are always the truth:

*painted brown
or a reflection of the unfenced sky,
they are blue*

- Kelly Overton



JEN SMITH

• based on a real guy I met at a T-stop
in Cambridge, MA...

CENTRAL SQUARE

"Hey pussycat, are you
hep to the jive
do you Rock and Roll
are you a Swinger
If you

are
down with
the clan
then
dig and
dig hard-

You must Grow Tall
like the redwood and
look inward to
your center
you must

express yourself
in multicolored
metaphoric
Do not let
yourself
be

squashed down
like slug slime man
feel the music
of

your roots and breathe free.

Dig???



Kid's Books

My fascination w/children's books began in eighth or ninth grade when I was making money babysitting neighbors' kids. I never liked babysitting too much — I like kids a lot in general, but I couldn't handle watching them + playing with them for five hours straight. The part I liked was reading bedtime stories and remembering the books from when I was a kid. I started to really look at the illustrations too and found, like a lot of other people find w/things like children's books and cartoons and Sesame St. that some can be enjoyed just as much by "adults". Here are some of my favorite authors, illustrators and stories.

Most people already know about MAURICE SENDAK, author + illustrator of the classic Where the Wild Things Are, but if you don't, check him out. Especially In the Night Kitchen, my favorite, featuring three bakers ala Hardy (of Laurel and...). His stories are great, but it's mostly for his illustrations that he gets points. Another well known author is ROALD DAHL who wrote the Charlie + the Chocolate Factory series and James + the Giant Peach. He also wrote Witches which got made into a movie w/Anjelica Houston (he died soon after it was finished, as did

A

B

C

D

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G

Jim Henson who also worked on the movie, Roald Dahl also wrote some pretty spooky stories for adults which are very worthwhile reading. DANIEL MANUS PINKWATER is probably my favorite children's book author. He's from Hoboken N.J and a lot of his books are set there. They usually involve heroic kids w/ active imaginations and a chicken or two. Lizard Music, my favorite one, involves a highly intelligent race of lizards who play saxophones, worship chickens + spend their time watching television (particularly Walter Cronkite). Another great thing about Pinkwater is that his biography on the back flap is always different. There are three books by HARRY Allard and James Marshall about THE STUPIDS: The Stupids Have

a Ball, The Stupids Step Out, and The Stupids Die. The Stupids are a family of four - Mr. + Mrs. Stupid, their boy Buster, daughter Petunia and their cat Xylophone and Dog Kitty. The Stupids hang pictures on their walls w/ the wrong labels put underneath, eat mashed potato Sundays w/ hot butterscotch sauce and throw costume parties to celebrate the kids flunking all their classes. All three books are four stars. One illustration

I've been looking at a lot lately is **BARRY MOSER**. He's been around for awhile, but has been more visible lately (there's a pocket calendar w/ his stuff + his edition of Alice in Wonderland was rereleased for this past X-Mas season). His illustrations are usually color or black+white woodcuts and can get really scary sometimes. Two things I like about his illustrations are that he really reads the story and he manages to stick some subtle and sometimes not so subtle commentary into his work. His portrait of the all powerful Wizard of Oz who really isn't is based on the face of Ronald Reagan, the Wicked Witch of the West is Nancy. You have to look twice though. Last but not

least certainly, my favorite book labeled as a children's book is Alice in Wonderland by Lewis CARROLL. It's a masterpiece of sarcasm + puns (half of which you won't get unless you're an expert on Victorian England). Most people know the basic plot: Girl follows Rabbit down Rabbit hole, meets kooky characters, shrinks + grows alternately, Girl wakes up - but it's the specific dialogue that makes it so good. If you want to check it out, it's really worth it to look for the aforementioned **BARRY MOSER** illustrated edition. In the Realm of 'Kid's' books, this one reigns supreme.



FASHION VICTIM

By
JASON
READ

THE NEW HOW YOU SHOULD LOOK® IS OUT, I KNOW IT'S A STUPID MAGAZINE, BUT IT HAS SOME IMPORTANT TIPS AND IF I COULD JUST LOOK LIKE THAT THEN I'D NEVER BUY ONE OF THESE MAGAZINES AGAIN.

THESE ARE A LOT OF
GREAT NEW THINGS, IN THIS
ISSUE, PERHAPS I SHOULD
GET SOME NEW CLOTHES, BUT
IT SEEMS LIKE I AM ALWAYS
BUYING NEW CLOTHES.

IT WOULD BE WORTH
IT THOUGH, IF I COULD
JUST LOOK LIKE THAT

How You Should Look

REAL WOMEN

2007/06/26

LOOKS
ARE
EVERY
THING

INSIDE
FALLEN TIPS
THAT CLOUTIER
MAY

MM, I'D JUST LIKE
TO LOOK AT SOME
NEW CLOTHES

AND I SHOULD SAY SO
DO YOU REALIZE YOU
ARE WALKING AROUND
IN LAST YEAR'S FASHION?
HAVE YOU SEEN A RABBIT
IN HOW YOU SHOULD
LOOK...

Le Petit

PLEASE
CONTACT
PLEASE

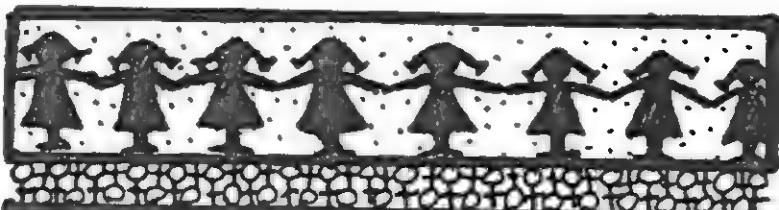
PERHAPS I SHOULD
GET A NEW HAIR-
CUT TO GO WITH
ALL THESE NEW
CLOTHES. THE
SHORT LOOK
SEEMS TO BE
IN.

I DON'T KNOW WHY I BOUGHT
SUCH SKIMPY OUTFITS EVEN
IF THEY ARE THE LATEST
FASHION. LUCKY THERE'S
AN ARTICLE IN THIS MAGAZINE
ABOUT A NEW DIET BOOK WHICH
IS REALLY SUPPOSED TO WORK.
PERHAPS I WILL SEE IT AT THE
BOOKSTORE WAS IT.

THANK YOU

IT SEEMS LIKE NO
MATTER WHAT, DO
NOTHING CHANGES.

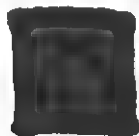
The End



"Because women's work is never done and is underpaid or unpaid or boring or repetitious and we're the first to get the sack and what we look like is more important than what we do and if we get raped it's our fault and if we get bashed then we must have provoked it and if we raise our voices we're nagging bitches and if we enjoy sex then we're nymphos and if we don't we're frigid and if we love women it's because we can't get a "real" man and if we ask our doctor too many questions we're neurotic and/or pushy and if we expect community care for children we're selfish and if we stand up for our rights we're aggressive and "unfeminine" and if we don't we're typical weak females and if we want to get married we're out to trap a man and if we don't we're unnatural and because we still can't get an adequate safe contraceptive but men can walk on the moon and if we can't cope or don't want a pregnancy we're made to feel guilty about abortion and . . . for lots and lots of other reasons we are part of the women's liberation movement."



What is NORMAL EATING?



-This is from a book by Ellen Satter
[redacted] M.S.S.W., R.D.

"Normal eating is being able to eat when you are hungry and continue eating until you are satisfied. It is being able to choose food you like and eat it and truly get enough of it -- not just stop eating because you think you should. Normal eating is being able to use some moderate constraint in your food selection to get the right food, but not being so restrictive that you miss out on pleasurable foods. Normal eating is giving yourself permission to eat sometimes because you are happy, sad or bored, or just because it feels good. Normal eating is three meals a day, most of the time, but it can also be choosing to munch along. It is leaving some cookies on the plate because you know you can have some again tomorrow, or it is eating more now because they taste so wonderful when they are fresh. Normal eating is overeating at times, feeling stuffed and uncomfortable. It is also undereating at times, and wishing you had more. Normal eating is trusting your body to make up for your mistakes in eating. Normal eating takes up some of your time and attention, but keeps its place as only one important area of your life.

"In short, normal eating is flexible. It varies in response to your emotions, your schedule, your hunger and your proximity to food. The key word, when you talk about normal anything, is *flexibility*."



**FEAR
OF
FAT**

OR

**HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING
AND LOVE MY PETUCCINE ALFREDO**

Recently I've been thinking a lot about food. I've been realizing more and more how many problems women in this country (myself included) have surrounding eating and their bodies. Everywhere we look, the perfect woman is being sold to us in technical or majestic as one who is flawless and thin, and who never eats anything fattening and/or sweet unless it is somehow related to sex (in which case she can eat as much chocolate cherry cheesecake as she desires, so long as she does so slowly and making a lot of noise). What is it about food and the way we see our bodies that is so taboo and touchy? What is so powerful about the judgements on our bodies that it made 19th century women have ribs removed in order to have smaller waists and tighter corsets? Our bodies are harder to talk about than almost any subject. As

a woman studying Modern dance on a college campus, I can see every day the impact of media images and these age old pressures on the women in my life. In every dance class full of women wearing loose T-shirts over their dance clothes to hide their bodies, and in the dining commons where women smoke a third cigarette rather than take a second helping, it's obvious that American women have problems. One of the most disturbing part is that unless they have a pre-titled eating disorder - "bulimia", "anorexia" etc., women usually don't see themselves as having a problem. But anytime a perfectly thin, fit woman stands in front of a mirror and thinks she needs to lose weight, she has a problem. Being at a liberal college, the extent to which issues like this are overlooked or ignored is distressing. There seems to be a need to pretend these problems don't

exist in such a politically correct environment. Since we're supposed to be so aware of how society is affected by images in the media, the attitude is that we would be stupid if we felt these pressures ourselves. The trouble is that these feelings are so deep-rooted that these problems exist no matter what. We need to encourage women not to feel stupid or inadequate. This fear of fat doesn't just lessen self-esteem, it acts as a social control as well. When women become preoccupied w/ their weight, they are robbed of their pride and energy. Vivian Mayer said that "miss starvation of women is modern American culture's equivalent of footbinding, lip stretching and other forms of female mutilation." I don't think I know one woman who is honestly satisfied w/ her weight and body. Whenever we eat ice-cream, or cake, or pasta, a tiny part part of ourselves always says "tsk, tsk".

Liposuction

BODY CONTOURING
FOR A MORE DESIRABLE YOU



The Surgery that Permanently Removes Excessive Fat in Both Men and Women


Many of us have developed troublesome, localized fat tissue that does not respond to diet or exercise.

At the Liposuction Institute of Boston, we specialize in redefining specific areas of the body to bring out the classic beauty in you.

In our state-of-the-art facility, we eliminate fatty areas permanently through Liposuction cosmetic surgery on such problem areas as:

"saddle bag" thighs, "protruberant" abdomens, buttocks, "love handles",

fat humps, redundant (hins and enlarged male breasts)



HOW MUCH TIME WILL IT TAKE?

8

7

9

2

1

3

5

4

6

When your eyes are at one (1) repeat:

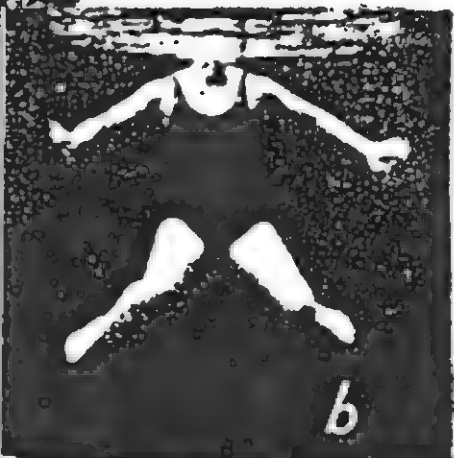
"I am talking to you and you must hear me."

"I am talking
and you must hear me."
"Beware! do not make me
angry."

"I will not do wrong."
"Get thee behind me,
Satan."

"I am stronger than my
enemies."

even prison cells.
BROTHERS



When the eyes are at two (2) repeat: "You cannot escape me." The words should be spoken in deep tones as though some person were planning to get beyond your influence. Remember that the face is to remain to the front and no part must move except the eyes themselves.





MADAME GIRARDELLI
"The Celebrated Fireproof Female"

When the eyes are at nine (9) repeat:
"Angels hold watch and ward over my life."

Joshua SAUL BECKMAN

I spilled my insides out on the table.
They were a miracle.
Mother and Sister were there,
Looking at one another.
We wondered if we had met before.

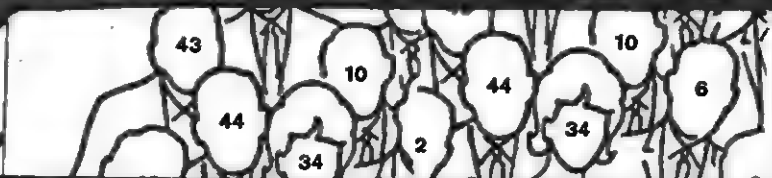
- Colette Katsikas -



Sara Smith

Words from Jen...

I was asked to write this "article" on an issue which has been on my mind constantly lately- my decision to be tested for HIV. I agreed to write the article quite happily because I thought that writing about this issue and all of the stress I've felt as a result of it would be very therapeutic for me. I'm realizing that articulating all of the stuff that's been on my mind recently is not going to be an easy thing. At times this article may seem jumbled and confusing and I apologize for this, but this is as personal as it gets for me and I don't expect that things so personal to me are that easily understood or articulated.



I decided to be tested because I feel it is something that everyone should do regardless of how they have assessed their risks. I decided to get tested because I want to teach about the Aids epidemic at the elementary level and I think that testing is a pretty critical part of the education process. I decided to get tested because I consider myself an Aids activist and it's important to know where I stand in terms of this epidemic. Most importantly, I decided to be tested because I've been intimate with people and I plan on being intimate again and it's just the smart and fair thing to do.



It scares the fucking pants off of me. I've felt completely out of control these past few weeks. The Aids epidemic frightens and angers me a great deal, yet I've always managed to keep myself distanced from this issue. Making the decision to be tested has personalized this issue to a frightening degree and made me understand that this is no longer something I can say does not affect me directly. Every time I make the decision to be intimate with someone, it affects me. Every time someone dies from this disease, it affects me. I can no longer look at this epidemic objectively, it's not something I or anyone else can afford to do.

Cont...


I am angry. I am at a place in my life where I want to be sexual. Sex is something that is a huge part of most 20 year old women's lives and yet something about intimacy scares me a great deal now. It doesn't seem fair that I'm coming into my own sexuality with this weight to deal with and that I can no longer experience intimacy without thinking very seriously of all of the implications and complications involved. Implications that often cloud the emotional need I have to be with someone. The last thing I want to do when I'm lying in bed with someone is to ask them if they've been tested... how romantic! I am angry and I am justified in feeling this way.

Being angry and afraid does not give me reason to ignore the issue. I and many other people have been too successful at ignoring Aids. Yes, it sucks a great deal to have to think about these things, but I no longer have any excuse for not thinking about Aids and it's relation to my life. There are ways of putting this disease into perspective and I'm just learning how to do this and not a moment too soon.

Get tested. It's a very scary thing, but it's the right thing to do. Use a condom. Don't rationalize why, in this particular case you don't think you need to use one...save yourself the shit of dealing with the risks of having unsafe sex. It's really fucking stupid not to have safe sex. This disease no longer limits itself to certain communities, it's pretty much everywhere despite what you hear and read. Talk to your partner about safe sex and testing and all of that stuff and don't put yourself at unnecessary risk. Probably the most important thing is to be in control of yourself: know what you want and what you don't and say it, take care of yourself, understand what it means to be healthy and enjoy sex because having sex with someone is not something you should kick yourself in the ass about six months later(hopefully). Talk to people about it because I guarantee it's something everyone has thought about... it's therapeutic.

I've succeeded in making myself pretty sick these past few weeks with anxiety and fear and being completely irrational. I can't be this way anymore, it's just not healthy. Writing this article is part of dealing with my fears and it feels good to address some of what I've been dealing with. Don't get crazy like I did, but think about it...we really can't afford to ignore it.

Jennifer Darby



IF ROBBERY VICTIMS WERE CROSSEXAMINED LIKE RAPE VICTIMS...

EXAMINER : Mr. Smith, you were held up at gun point on the corner of First and Main?
VICTIM: Yes.

E: Did you struggle with the robber?

V: No.

E: Why not?

V: He was armed.

E: How did you know that -- did you see a gun or a knife?

V: No, but he threatened to kill me.

E: Then you made a conscious decision to comply with his demands rather than resist?

V: Yes, but...

E: Did you scream, cry out?

V: No. I was afraid.

E: I see. Have you ever been held up before?

V: No.

E: Have you ever given money away?

V: Yes, of course.

E: And you did so willingly?

V: What are you getting at?

E: Well, let's put it like this, Mr. Smith. You've given money away in the past. In fact, you have quite a reputation for philanthropy. How can we be sure you weren't contriving to have your money taken by force?

V: Listen, if I wanted...

E: Never mind. What time did this hold-up take place?

V: About 11 PM.

E: You were out on the street at 11 PM? Doing what?

V: Just walking. I had just come out of a bar where I'd been drinking with the defendant.

E: Did you know the defendant before this evening?

V: No, I had just met him at the bar.

E: Who paid for the drinks?

V: We each paid for a round.

E: So, you showed him that you were carrying a lot of money?

V: But, well, yes, but - no I didn't...

E: So you were just walking. You know it's dangerous being out on the street that late at night. Weren't you aware that you could have been held up?

V: I hadn't thought about it.

E: You hadn't thought about it. And what were you wearing?

V: Let's see, a suit. Yes, a suit.

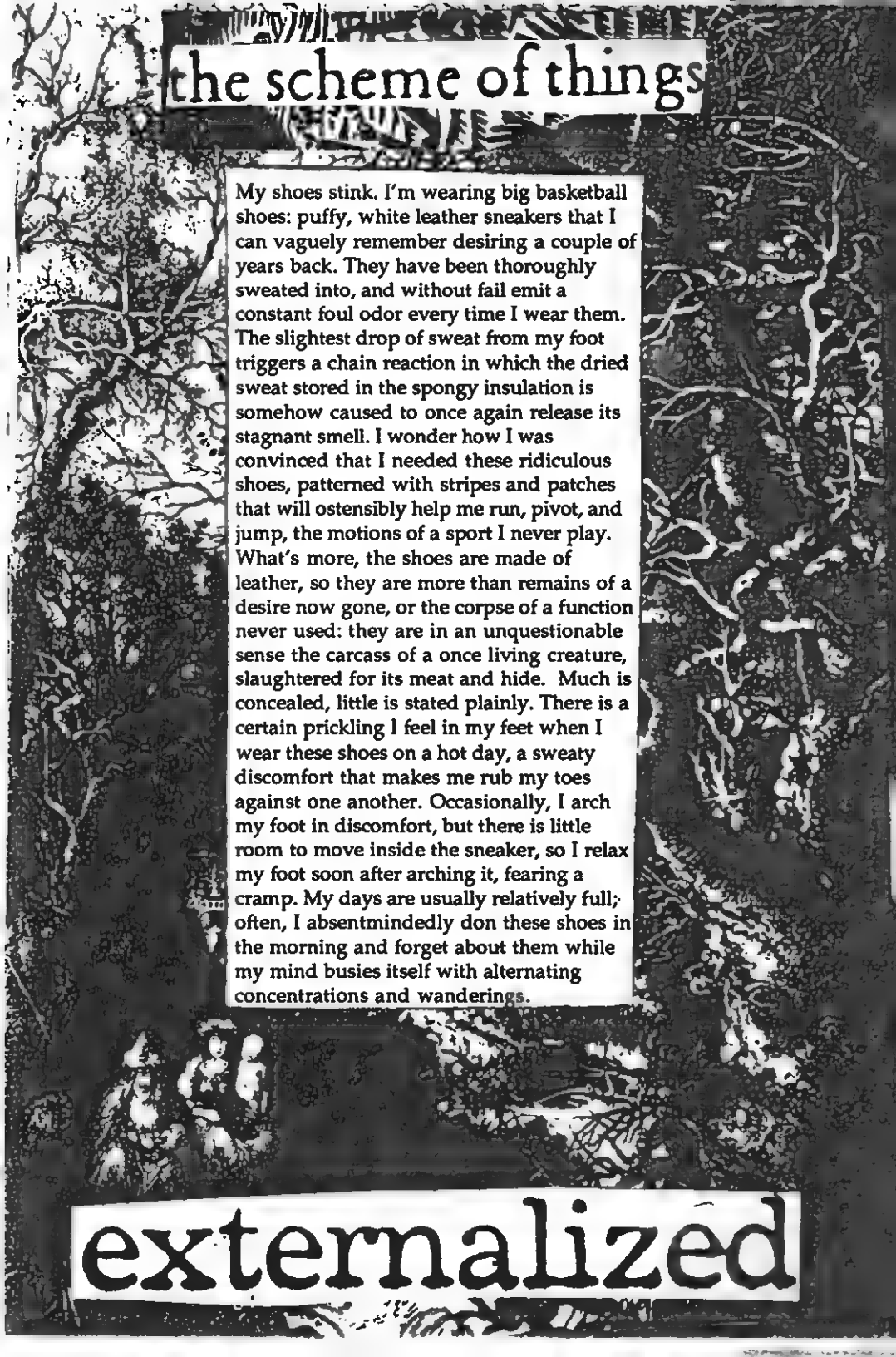
E: An expensive suit? A three piece suit?

V: Well, yes, I'm a successful lawyer, you know.

E: In other words, Mr. Smith, you were walking around the streets late at night in a suit that practically advertised the fact that you might be a good target for easy money. If we didn't know better, I'd say you were asking for this to happen...



DIALOGUE FIRST Published in "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



the scheme of things

My shoes stink. I'm wearing big basketball shoes: puffy, white leather sneakers that I can vaguely remember desiring a couple of years back. They have been thoroughly sweated into, and without fail emit a constant foul odor every time I wear them. The slightest drop of sweat from my foot triggers a chain reaction in which the dried sweat stored in the spongy insulation is somehow caused to once again release its stagnant smell. I wonder how I was convinced that I needed these ridiculous shoes, patterned with stripes and patches that will ostensibly help me run, pivot, and jump, the motions of a sport I never play. What's more, the shoes are made of leather, so they are more than remains of a desire now gone, or the corpse of a function never used: they are in an unquestionable sense the carcass of a once living creature, slaughtered for its meat and hide. Much is concealed, little is stated plainly. There is a certain prickling I feel in my feet when I wear these shoes on a hot day, a sweaty discomfort that makes me rub my toes against one another. Occasionally, I arch my foot in discomfort, but there is little room to move inside the sneaker, so I relax my foot soon after arching it, fearing a cramp. My days are usually relatively full; often, I absentmindedly don these shoes in the morning and forget about them while my mind busies itself with alternating concentrations and wanderings.

externalized



manifestation

Sometimes, though, an interruption comes in the form of a putrid whiff, airborne by virtue of a swift crossing of legs or a brief bending over. Then, my attention is caught and held by the pathetic mini-spectacle of my sweating feet encased in these smelly, silly-looking shoes. I continue to wear them, however; ascribe it to an obstinate dislike for purchasing new clothing, or a lazy refusal to dispose of a still useful garment. What's wrong with that?

of
what
was

On occasion, I participate in a conversation while a feeling of slow, incommunicable desperation flows thick through my insides. I come away from a talk with a friend quite convinced that we were both lying, not in malevolence, but in a frantic effort to conceal an unnamed, terrible despair. I suspect that I am not emotionally capable of confronting the forces that control my environment. I waste my free will fighting my determinate destiny. I think myself both paranoid and *exactly right* when I instinctively sense the dying in everyone around me, in myself most of all.

called

alejandro.

thought





List Of You

You said that's "well" and not "good"
You forced me a habit of underwear
A walk like a ballet dancer
You ran behind me to check my form
Tied a scarf around my neck when I wasn't cold
You tutored me in math
Now you sit in the green laminated desk chair
Phone under chin talking to me
Now in bed, awake watching sunrise,
A sleepy arm over your little son
Now you drive solitary morning routes to teach
You love this time alone
Now you roll on the floor with your boys
You make tuna casserole with peas
Jogging, you pound the pavement with two feet,
Aching hamstrings, and your sweat
You send me memos and money
Scribble a dot, dot, dot - Love, D.
You want me to pound my pavement
Put everything in a list
Write you memos too
But when I finally get around to writing me down,
I'll write my whole name out
I know who you are, knowledge from history and dreams
You gave me Grandpa's golden pinky ring long time ago
I used to keep it on a special shelf
Now, I wear it



Becky Hart



THESE ARE NOT THE
DROIDS YOU
ARE LOOKING
FOR. MOVE
ALONG.



*courtesy of Obi Wan Kenobi

